PART II.
EIGHT PAGES.

New-York Tribune.

MISCELLANY AND ART.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1912.

Mrs. Blatch Tells Kate Carew All About the Real Campaign

This Campaign Which She Has in Mind Is No Petty Affair Such as Attends the Election of a Mere President, but Is a Strenuous Matter, Which, the Suffragists Believe, Will Give American Women the Ballot.

Plans Which the Leaders of the Movement Expect to Carry Into Effect at Once Call for a Most Energetic Propaganda, and Will Result in Success Here, They Believe, Before It Is Attained in England.

"THE AVERAGE MAN LAYS EMPHASIS ON THE VALUE OF PROPERTY: THE AVERAGE WOMAN ON THE VALUE OF LIFE ITSELF."

"OF COURSE," said one of our most celebrated suffrage leaders, speaking in a discouraged tone, which she does not use for any of her political utterances, "it is different with you. I suppose you can find ready made garments that will fit you, but I just have to have a dressmaker."

In the apartment at No. 15 West 91st street are the evidences of a careful housekeeping, which presage the summer flitting, and before we start in to tackle the big problems of municipal, state and national government and decide them—temporarily, at least—we make mutual confession of the difficulties in the way of adjusting the domestic problems, culinary and sartorial, toward the happy solution of which the antis suggest all our splendid efforts be expended. The idea!

When the seamstress has departed, with her mouth full of pins, a tape measure coiling down the length of her skirt, a paper pattern in her hand, to some secret retreat where out of the meaningless nothing a something is to be created which shall bear all the hall marks of a Doucet model, we settle down into easy chairs and question and answer are plied dexterously—twin blades of the shears of progress cutting the fabric of tradition.

"Of course you are going to let up—or down, which is it? on the suffrage work during the summer and begin again in the fall?" I inquire, airily, a very natural interrogation in that environment.

Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch looks mildly resistant to any such suggestion.

"Let down! I should say not. In a few days Miss Caroline Lexow will start in on a new campaign through the Oneida Valley, similar to the one we had in March last and those which we have had nearer home for several years now."

"Any difference in the methods?" I chirp, with that omnipresent hope of the journalist that the same old subject may have a new facet turned to observation.

"It is a campaign along the same lines of education and enlightenment, militant, but not so fiercely so. Our women are better trained now to this work, we have a larger number of competent ones to call upon and our facilities are organized in a more systematic manner than ever before."

"And the general method of procedure?"

"To make the women—our coming voters—in each place familiar with the political history of the Assemblyman and Senator of that district, how they have voted, whether or not they have kept faith with promises made, in the spirit or letter, and in every case to arouse sentiment against the men who are our enemies, avowed or underhandedly so. A rule from which we have never deviated is to attack men who have a bad record, both on the suffrage and other questions, our experience having taught us that the one argument that is sure to reach a politician is that which has to do with his relations with his constituents."

I gasp, not so much at the matter as the manner of the statement. To speak of conducting a campaign of this importance in the same way that one discusses a change in the housekeeping arrangements is illuminating, to say the least.

"I suppose you will cover considerable territory," I say, because I have to say something.

"Oh, yes, we visit Syracuse, Schenectady, Troy, Cohoes, Amsterdam, Utica, Gloversville and hundreds of smaller places. We take some speakers with us and depend on local talent for the others. Many well-to-do women have placed their automobiles at our disposal and in them we can whirlwind from place to place. All sorts of entertainments are planned, garden parties, al fresco teas, each with the undercurrent of work. There is a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and organized effort upstate which is to be deflected our way."

Mrs. Blatch makes a little detour at this point, to explain the prestige and commercial standing of the husbands of the suffrage leaders, a not inconsiderable item, it would seem.

As the territory Mrs. Blatch has mentioned includes both manufacturing and rural sections, I inquire:

"Do you get quicker and more vital response in your suffrage work from the factory women or the farmers' wives?"

"It is much quicker and more vital in the factory towns, not because the intelligence is higher there, but because by the conditions existing the women are already organized and we can reach them more easily. The farmers' wives and daughters are scattered, conditions are often adverse in the matter of bringing them together."

"Do you use the same arguments for both classes? Is the intelligence of the farmer's wife what it is rated to be by the purveyors of fireside fiction?"

Mrs. Blatch speaks with great decision on this point, her beautifully modulated voice making every syllable tell.

"The farmer's wife wants an argument. She does not care to be told that certain things exist; she wants to know why they exist. It is a matter of perfect indifference to her that Mrs. So-and-So is to talk at a certain place; she wants to know why the particular subject was selected that she is to talk on. In California it was the farmers, not the city dwellers, that gave the women the vote."

"Does the interest of the women of the leisure class grow or lessen?"

"Interest was never greater than at present and our roster contains the names of women of the highest intelligence and culture. One of our most able workers up state is Mrs. Edward Everett Hale, whose husband is a son of the Boston preacher, and another woman, of whose efforts too much praise cannot be spoken, is Mrs. Frederick Hazard, of Syracuse. For many generations her family has been associated with great philanthropic and educational matters, and she herself is one of the directors of the largest general hospital in the city and has given much of her time and strength to this work. Not long ago she told me that she wished she had concentrated her efforts on the woman suffrage question, for she believed the result would have been more satisfactory to her in every way."

"You mean that the results she has aimed at would have been reached more directly if she were a voter?"

"Certainly. Many women feel the same way, a conviction reached by actual experience, in going 'round Robin Hood's barn."

I looked at my questions surreptitiously. The name "Pankhurst" looms large. I mention it.

Mrs. Blatch is silent a long time. During the interval I note the amiable curves of her matronly figure and the face where tolerance, amiability and optimism are writ, so that he who runs may read. Tiny radiating depressions indicate the quality of humor, that ready solvent to overseriousness and impatience. She has put herself on record many times that she is not a Fabian, that she believes in fighting peacefully, the sheathed sword and ready tongue her militant outfit.

So, now, she absolutely refuses to make any criticism of the suffragettes, whom she admires, but who may think along different lines from herself. To use her own homely term, "I was weaned in suffrage," and, in consequence, her opinions have the weight that those of the fierce faddist or the radical beginner's could not have.

But she does not hesitate to criticise the government of England, which has condemned the suffrage leaders to nine months' imprisonment.

"I think the Liberal government has blundered right straight along, and its last act is its crowning folly. They have now done the best thing for the cause and the worst for themselves, because they have aroused public sympathy and made martyrs of the prisoners. They had Miss Christabel Pankhurst in hiding, the Pethick Lawrences and Mrs. Pankhurst under the supervision of the court, 'on parole,' so to speak, and if they had been clever they would have let the case drag along indefinitely. Worse than all, they did not make political prisoners of them."

Naturally, when you enroll yourself in the suffragette cause you are supposed to know all about the distinctions of prison life, but I confess myself a little green in these matters. It has always seemed to me that it was time enough to bother about prison when you got there, but apparently not. Mrs. Blatch looks a bit surprised at my crass stupidity.

"They have prisoners of three ranks. The political prisoner has certain privileges, books to read, stationery to write on, meals from outside, visitors"——

"Like our bank presidents," I hazard.

Mrs. Blatch has a way of listening to what you say very attentively, and then going on with the subject of immediate interest. Lots of times you feel rather small, as if your little line of talk had been disposed of as too banal, and frequently after a little while she returns to it, her mind meantime having pulled it to pieces and extracted from it its essence, while you think she has forgotten all about it.

"Their prisoners of the third class are the out-and-out criminals. Fortunately, they did not put the suffrage leaders in that—surprising, isn't it? But they did condemn them to be treated like those of the second class, which means they are deprived of the privileges they should have had, that they have cells only a bit better than those of the criminals, and are subjected to frightful hardships."

Mrs. Blatch shakes her head and looks very belligerent. I believe at that moment, not for her political principles, but just as an out-and-out woman, she would have liked to throw a stone at the judge who presided at the English trial.

"You don't think we will ever have to put our city to the inconvenience of having its paving stones torn up to get what we want?"

"Never!" The dissyllable is quick, decisive. "The attitude of the Legislature, I think, proves that. It has changed tremendously in the last three years."

My "How?" is fraught with the recollection of the treatment some of the suffrage pioneers had received at Albany in the past.

"It is serious and to a large degree respectful. Not all the members have reached the respectful stage, but all have reached the serious."

There is a little twinkle in Mrs. Blatch's eye as she says this, the sort of twinkle the champion, sure of victory, accords an irritated combatant. Her lack of bitterness she voices next in answer to a casual remark concerning the "antis."

"I consider the anti-suffragettes a most able body of women. They are going to be tremendously helpful when we get the voting privilege. The energy they display now, when deflected in our direction, as it is sure to be, will be very helpful."

"How do you think they have displayed that ability?" My! I was sarcastic. I wish you could have heard your Aunt Kate!

"By preaching publicly the doctrine—of course, they don't believe it—that woman's place is in the home. It requires a good deal of ability to make yourself ridiculous, deliberately."

"Do you believe that one of the first results of enfranchisement will be the formation of a feminine party, as some of the 'antis' claim?"

Answering this, Mrs. Blatch refers to a Tribune editorial of recent date. "It was very good as far as it went, but I think it should have gone further. The writer seemed disappointed that the women in California voted with the men instead of forming a separate party. I have always believed that women would vote just as they did. I think it would be most disastrous if men lined up on one side and women on the other of a political issue. People who have been subjected to the same environment, wisely or stupidly, think about the same way, I have found. The Republican father usually has a Republican son, the Democratic father a Democratic son. This same rule undoubtedly holds good when women vote, unless there is a question at stake that particularly appeals to them as women; then they may mass together. I think The Tribune editorial writer should have commended this, asserting that by men and women voting in the same parties a new emphasis is laid on legislative acts."

Occasionally Mrs. Blatch says "men and women," occasionally "women and men"—a verbal straw showing the way the wind of feminine reverence is veering.

I ask for a specific instance of this statement.

"Take the tenement house law, for an example. A man wants to know what interest he will get for the outlay he makes for fire escapes, light rooms, airshafts. The woman, thinking of the tenement as a human environment, interprets these improvements as promises of safety and health—the important issue to her. In other words, the average man lays the emphasis on the value of property, the average woman on the value of life itself. Yet they are working to a common end, for light rooms, plenty of air and safety from accident bring returns to invested capital, and there is, in consequence, a final adjustment and harmony of ideas. When women like Jane Addams and Florence Kelly go to the legislatures and speak on the needs of tenements and factories they will be listened to, if it be realized that behind them is a big constituency of factory workers and tenement house dwellers. As the matter stands now, the legislators don't care a flip for their opinions."

"Why is New York State so slow in granting suffrage to women?"

Mrs. Blatch will not criticise her native section of the Union. "The West is very keen about certain reforms at present, and reforms, so to speak, hunt in couples. The new states are plastic to change. All life is experimental to them. They are ripe for new ideas and intelligent enough to write it so, if they make a mistake. New York, on the contrary, is only faintly reflecting these ideas; even in the matter of direct primaries, a slight interest in which was aroused by Governor Hughes, the Legislature has been extremely lukewarm. Naturally, such a great change as the one we are speaking about would come more slowly here."

The latest definition of a pessimist is one who, given the choice of two evils, takes both. My mind, working conversely, thinks of that definition as Mrs. Blatch tackles the topic of the Presidential candidates, mildly offered.

"I don't think there is much choice really. Mr. Taft has apparently not thought on the subject since he was sixteen. At that time he delivered an address on woman suffrage at his high school in Ohio, and whenever any question is addressed to him concerning a matter which every intelligent person admits is one of the most important political issues of the day he refers, by way of his secretary, to that momentous speech, the result of the careful reflection, wide experience and extraordinary perspicacity of a schoolboy. You would think that he might come out and say 'I do believe' or 'I don't believe,' wouldn't you?"

"And Mr. Roosevelt?"

"Mr. Roosevelt is always a little more alert in getting his ear to the ground and listening, so the solution he offers is more ludicrous than Mr. Taft's absurd silence. He says that the question should be put to the women of the state, and they should be allowed to express their wishes in the matter. If he had ever deigned to look into the question he would have learned that two years ago Senator Brackett brought such a poor little bill to the Legislature, and it was discovered to be unconstitutional. There is no provision by which non-voters can be brought together to have an election on a special question. Such a function would cost the state nearly a million dollars, and immediately some taxpayer would rebel against this expenditure. They would have to amend the constitution to have such an election."

"Easier to strike the word 'male' out," I venture.

"Unless," says Mrs. Blatch, with a fine sarcastic tone and a merry twinkle, "you want to adopt the idea of Mr. Roosevelt's milk drinking companion, Dr. Abbott, who in a recent 'Outlook' suggests that it would be a good scheme to put a box in every polling booth, so that the women could trot in and put in their little votes as to whether they wanted to vote or not."

"Sounds rather ingenuous," I hazard.

"Dr. Abbott is so out of touch with the technique of politics," says Mrs. Blatch, commiseratingly, and——

"I should just love to see Dr. Abbott arrive on Election Day, with his little ballot box under his arm, and try to put it in one of those small, crowded polling places, where with my own eyes I have noticed that the voters have scarcely room to get in and out."

We have a cute little feminine laugh at the ballot box and the special election. "Such masculine logic!" we say in chorus.

"What do you think will be the initial outcome of the coming enfranchisement?" I ask. No one uses the word "if" to Mrs. Blatch, I imagine.

"We are not inferior to our grandmothers. They taught their children at home, did the sewing, mending, cooking, baking, cured the fish, spun the garments, took care of the decrepit, orphans, insane, paupers. Where has all that work gone?"

I make the expressive gesture apparently expected of me, embracing the whole atmosphere.

"Exactly. The state stepped in and took it all away, but they did not take away the feminine energy. The woman has no alternative. She must follow her duties into the world."

"You mean that the economic conditions men have brought about have forced woman, oftentimes against her will, into the place where she must have legislative freedom?"

"Exactly. She must still go on looking out for her poor, her orphans, her insane and her sick, and must search them out in the places where the state has put them. So she must have the legal right as well as the moral right to go to the hospital, the prison, the institution, the school, and see that laws relating to their well-being are made and enforced."

Mrs. Blatch agrees that one of the fixed posts of masculine opponents to woman suffrage is the fear that the vote of the outcast class will outweigh that of the other element. She says:

"I think the answer has been given to that objection. The vote in the already enfranchised states does not show that there is any danger of this kind. What that class dreads more than anything else is publicity. They don't want their names and addresses known, which the strict registration laws demand. They live secret, furtive lives. They abhor the searchlight. As a matter of fact, I wish they would come out of hiding. I would like to get their views on this subject."

"Why?" I ask, quite shrinky.

"I want facts in regard to police graft. I want to know what laws could be passed to protect young girls from seeking the streets as a livelihood and how their mode of living is made a commercialized industry."

Mildly as Mrs. Blatch puts this, it sounds some way like a threat.

"Won't the opposition be even more strenuous than ever when such a searchlight is turned on to stay?"

"No. I don't believe so. I know that there are many unthinking men who do not have the physical and moral welfare of their race at heart, and will fight to the last gasp to protect these corrupt enterprises, but where there is one of this kind there are ten who stand out and approve every measure which stands for the betterment of humanity in the future, and this latter class desire woman suffrage for the reason that they believe women have the moral courage to make this fight and men have not."

"It does require a lot of courage, does it not?"

"Woman may lack physical force, but she has never lacked the other kind. This was unexpectedly brought home to me the other day when I went to Dobbs Ferry to see the Budget Exhibit. Although not a suffrage measure, the women engaged in its preparation are all suffragettes, under the leadership of Mrs. Ralston Brown, daughter of the late Colonel Robert Ingersoll. Next autumn a similar exhibit will be shown at White Plains, embracing the whole country of Westchester. They are great political propaganda."

I am also ignorant of budget exhibits, the kind undoubtedly referred to by Mrs. Blatch, but never was greater patience displayed by a leader looking for a constituent.

"The women show in these what the authorities pay for certain articles and what the housekeeper pays. For instance, in the Dobbs Ferry exhibit, there was one item proving that, instead of 20 cents, $1 had been paid for a certain article. It required considerable more courage to step on John Jones's toes, in a place where every one knows every one else, than it does in a city where one is unacquainted with the next door neighbor. Women have a keen sense of values, and they all have the mother instinct looking to the future good of their own children, or some one else's, and they are perfectly indifferent to the consequences of unveiling dishonesty.

"I was sixteen when I made my first speech for woman suffrage, the same age as was President Taft when he made his," she says in response to a request for some of her early biography.

A daughter of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton, her youth spent in an environment where the pioneers of the suffrage for women foregathered, just as soon as she was old enough to shape her own existence, Harriot Stanton took up the same work, inheritance and training naturally suggesting it to her as a career. By the laws of the country in which she was born and educated, owing to the fact that she married an Englishman—William Henry Blatch—she has been obliged to make application for citizenship, and pending the receipt of naturalization papers she is an "alien," but, notwithstanding this handicap, Mrs. Blatch is president of the Women's Political Union, numbering many thousands; is a director and officer in several other leagues and societies, a Vassar M. A., a lecturer and author on sociological and economic topics. The prophecy she makes is, therefore, doubly interesting. The prophecy is in answer to the question, "When will this state grant woman suffrage?"

"I have witnessed two important enfranchisements in my life," says Mrs. Blatch, oh, so seriously. "The first was that of the negro, granted by the nation, instead of state by state, as I believe would be done to-day. The second was that of the British farm laborer, who was so entirely under the influence of the landed gentry that Gladstone could not get any votes in the country. They were both interesting political events, not so interesting, however, as will be that of the"——

The dressmaker has returned with a basted pattern in her hand. Pins, tape measure, yards of soft stuff speak her industry. She stands solemnly at attention, the look of the coming voter in her eyes. I sit up very erect.

"Third," continues Mrs. Blatch as if addressing an invisible assembly, "I expect the bill for the enfranchisement of women in this state will be passed by the Legislature and go to the people in 1915, unless we have an extra session of the Senate and get it in 1913, which is barely possible. I believe we will get our freedom before the women of England get theirs."

My lips spell "Tammany."

Mrs. Blatch does not appear either to be looking or listening. Her rapt gaze is looking into a far-off future.

But she answers.

"We shall come down to the Harlem River with such a constituency that Mr. Charles Murphy will be swept right into"——

I cannot remember whether she said Buttermilk Channel or the Narrows, but I would advise Mr. Murphy to get a life preserver and be prepared for either emergency.

Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch knows what she is talking about!

"I CONSIDER THE ANTI-SUFFRAGETTES A MOST ABLE BODY OF WOMEN."

APRIL FOOLING.

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, was talking, at a reception in Los Angeles, about April fool jokes.

"A Los Angeles editor," he said, "played an April fool joke on a reporter last year. The reporter had a garden, and the editor came into the local room one spring afternoon and gave him a packet of dried herring roe.

"'These seed,' said the editor, running the tiny brown eggs through his fingers, 'are the seed of that rare exotic, grandiflora nux vomica belladonna. I received them yesterday from the Persian Ambassador. As you have such a fine garden, I thought I'd give them to you.'

"The reporter, thanking the editor gratefully, put the seeds in his vest pocket.

"'I'll plant them, sir,' he said, 'at once. I wish you'd drop in next week or thereabouts and see how they are getting on.'

"'Thanks,' said the editor. And the next week, happening to be motoring in the reporter's neighborhood, he called. The reporter was delighted to see him.

"'I'm truly delighted to see you, sir,' he said. 'The grandiflora nux vomica belladonna have just come up.'

"He led the editor into the garden.

"'There, aren't they beautiful?' he cried.

"And in a neat semi-circle the editor beheld twenty or thirty little red herring heads peeping coyly out of the ground."

VERY SINISTER, INDEED.

"This bill was innocent on its face, but beneath there lurked a most sinister significance."

The speaker, Senator Clarke, was discussing in Little Rock a measure of which he disapproved.

"The bill reminded me, in fact," he said, "of a Little Rock urchin's question. His question, innocent enough in appearance, dear knows, was this:

"'Would you mind making a noise like a frog, uncle?'

"'And why,' said the uncle, with an amused smile, 'why, Tommy, do you desire me to make a noise like a frog?'

"'Because,' replied the urchin, 'whenever I ask daddy to buy me anything he always says, "Wait till your uncle croaks."'"

"A RULE FROM WHICH WE HAVE NEVER DEVIATED IS TO ATTACK MEN WHO HAVE A BAD RECORD."